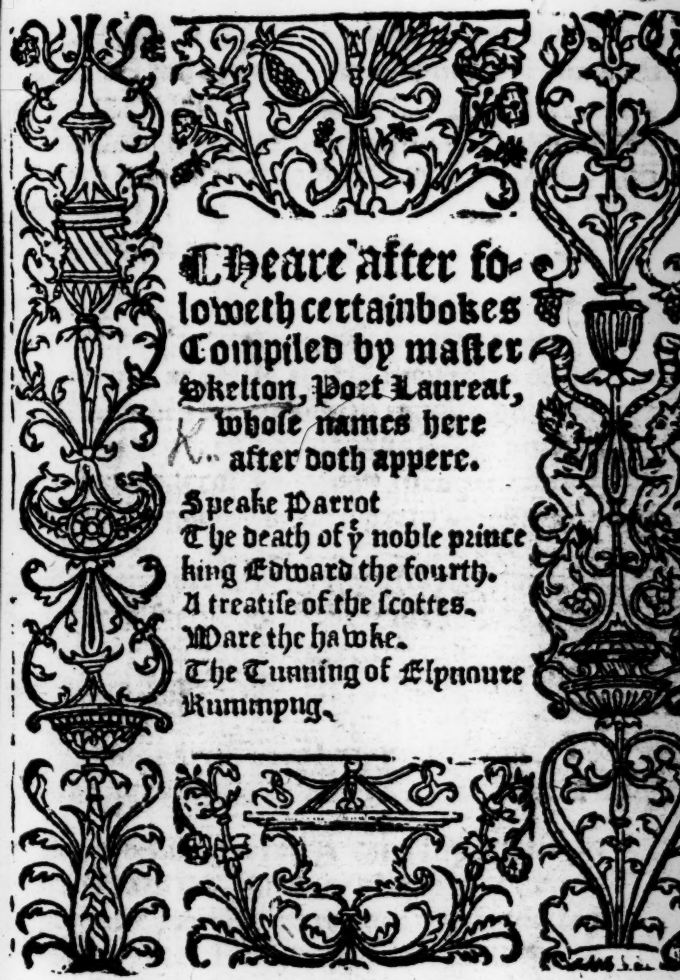


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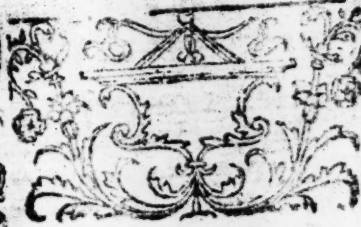
Cheare after fo-
loweth certain bokes
Compiled by master
Skelton, Poet Laureat,
whose names here
after doth appere.

Speake Parrot
The death of y noble prince
king Edward the fourth.
A treatise of the scottes.
Ware the hawke.
The Tuning of Elpnoure
Rummpng.

Imprynted at London
by Iohn Day.



It is the duty of every
Christian to be
ready to suffer
for the name of
Christ. And he
that is not ready
to suffer for the
name of Christ
is not a Christian.
And he that is
not a Christian
is not a Christian.
And he that is
not a Christian
is not a Christian.



Printed at London
by John W. & Co.

My name is parrot, a bird of paradise
My nature deuised, of a wonderous kind
Dieted dieted, with diuers delicate spico
Tyl Cuphates that floud, diueth me into Indes
Where men of that countrey, by fortune me find
And send me, to great Ladies of estate
Then parrot must haue an almon or a date.

A cage curiously caruen, with silver pin
Properly paynted, to be my couertowre
A myrrour of glasse, that I may tote therein
These maidens ful myghely w many a diuers flour
Freshly they dresse, and make swete my boure
With speke parrot I pray you, ful courteously shew
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a pretie Poyagey (say

With my becke bent, my lile wanton eye
My feeders freche, as is the Emrawde grene
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche rubys
My litle legges, my fete both fete and cleane
I am a myddon, to waite vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my litle pretie soole
With ladies I learne, and go with them to scole

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh prettily
Parrot hath not dined, of al this long day
Lyke your pus rat parrot can mute and cry
In latyn, in Ebriw, Araby and Caldey
In greke tonge, parrot, can both speake and saye
As percius that poet, doth report of me
Quis expediuist pstatio suum Chire,

A.ii.

Hobse

Whose french of parryse, Parrot canterane
Whose enge my purpose, after my properte
With perles byen, Parrot on perles rien
With Douch, with Spanish, my tonge canterane
In English, so God Parrot can supple
Christ saue King Henry the eight our royal King
The red rose in honour, to flourish and spring.

With Katherine ineparable: our royal quene al
That pareles pgarner, Christ saue her noble (so
Parrot canter, hablet, cassillano
With Adasse de colles, in Turkey and in trace
The Romish expers, as teacheth me how
Spoke this sua, whose bites at pregnant.

O my lady maysters, Dame Philology
Gave me a gift, in my nest when I laye
To learne al language, and it to speke aptely
How pandez more, war franticke som men saye
Promises or freneses, may not hold but may
An almon now for Parrot, delicately dye
In salve sella dies toto, they doth be.

Modarata iugant, but toto doth extede
Discretion is mother of noble vertues all
Piden again, in greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth their provinciall
When willfulness, is bicar generall
Hec res acu tangitur, Parrot parmasoy
Ticez vous Parrot, Tenez vous coys.

Wely

Besy, besy, besy, and besines agayne
Que pensez boy parrot, what meneth this besines
Mitalus in Dyeb, troubled Arons brayn
Melchisedecke mercifull, made Holoe merelles
To witte is no vertue, to medling, to restles
In measure is treasure, cum sensu macturato
Pe tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.

C Aram was fyrzed, with caldies fire called Ar
Job was brought vp, in the land of Bas
The lynage of lot, toke suppozte of Assur
Jeroboeth is Ebene, who list the law to scus
Peace Parrot ye prate, as ye were ebene
Howst the lyuer god, van hemrick ic leg
In popeting grew peres, whā parrot was an eg

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whinnyming
Hop Robin of Lowdeon, wold haue a bit of bread
The Jebet of Baldoock, was made for Jacke leg
A narrow vnfethered, and without an hed
A bagpipe without blowing, standeth in no sted
Some run to far before, some run to far behinde
Some be to churlish, and some be to kind.

C Ic dien serueth for Etstrych lether
Ic dien, is the language of the land of Beme
In Affric tongue, Wyza is a thonge of lether
In Palestina, there is Ierusalem
Collustrū now for parrot, whit bred & swete creme
our thomale she doth cryp, our ienet she doth shail
Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a sayre grene taile.

A.iii.

Worsh

Foryth myne owne self, the colthermonger say
Fate, fate, fate, ye sayth water lag
In flattering fables, men fynde but lytle sayth
But moueatu terra, let the worlde wag
Let sye wyg wag, wassle wyth sye declarag
Euery man, after his maner of wayes
Parowe uene aruer, so the welche man sayes

Such shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop
Of auncient Aristippus, and such other mo
I gather together, and close in my crip
Of my wanton concept, vnde do promys
Dilemata docta, in pedagogio
Sacro vatum, wherof to you I bycake
I pray you, let parrot haue lybertie to speke.

But ware the cat parrot, ware the false cat
With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
Ware ryat parrot, ware ryot, ware that
Meate, meate, for parrot: meate I say how
Thus diuers of language, by learnynge I grow
With bas me swete parrot: bas me swete swete
To dwel amonge Ladies, parrot is mete

Parrot, parrot, parrot: praty popigay
With my beke I can pike my lytle prey too
My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play
Lyke a wanton whan I wyl, I rle to and froo
Parrot can say, Cesar, aue, also
But parrot, hath no fauour to Cesaron
Above all other byrdes, let parrot alone.

Alas

¶ Minla, Elebon, for Ieremy doth wepe: & in I
Sion is in sadnes, Rachel rulp doth loke
Madionta, Ietra, our moyses kepeth bys shepe
Gedeon is gon, that Zabiane undertoke
Dich et Zeb, of Indicum rede the boke
Now Gehal, Amon, and Amoloch, barke, barke
Parrot pretendeth to be a hibil clat ke.

¶ Elebon Elebon, to the is come agayns
Seen the regent amozorum
And hog that fat hog, or basan dothe retayne
The crafty coistrounus cananeoium
And assilum, whilem, refugium miserozum
Non phannysed prophanum, standeth in litle
Ulula Elebon, for sept is starks ded.

¶ Elebon, Marybon, wheston, nerte Wernet
A trim train for an hors mit it wer a nile thinge
Deyntes for dammoyfels, Chaffer far fet
Bo ho doth backwel but dongh he ruleth yring
Frs scat party to rareari renoun therin doth bring
With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich wot
Quid magnis est dominis iudas scarioth.

¶ Holompe, and haly were runnyng and wyle
In the vol bel in the quadrat, & in the astrolopy
To prohibitate truli the chaunce of fortunes bise
Some treto of their tirkis, some of astrology
Some pseudo propheta with Cirromancy
If fortune be frendly, and grace be the gydes
Honoure with renoune, wyl renue of that lide
Solomon calon

Ingred

A. III.

Let

Let parrot I pray you, haue liberty to passe
For aurea lingua greca, bought to be magnified
If it were sold perfectly, and after the rate
As lingua latina, in schole matter occupied
But our grekis, their greke so wel haue applied
That they cannot say in greke, riding by the way
How hosteler, fetch me my horse a bottel of hay.

Neither frame a syllogisme, in phisicall sonoz nms
For maliter et grece, cum medio termino
Our grekes ye walow, in the washbol at gollicorfi
For though ye can tel in greke what is phoz mio
Yet ye seke out your greke, in Capricornio
For they scape out good scripture, and set in a gal
Pagan about to amende, and ye mar all.

Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
And yet he would be rekened, pro arripagita
And some make distinctions, multipliter
Whether it a were before non, or non before ita
Neither wise nor well learned but like, hermaphrodite
Set sophia a side, for euery Jacke raker
And euery mad medler must not be a maker.

In academia parrot, dare no probleme kepe
For greculari, to occupy the chayre
That letinum sari, may fall to rest and slope
And sylagilari, was drowned at sturbridge sayre
Ternale, & quatrimala, so sore now they appay
That parrot that dopagay, hath pity to beholde
How ygest of good learning, is roulled vp & trolde.

Albertus, de modo significandi
And Donatus, be byrnen out of schole
Orilians heb broken, now handp dandy
And inter did ascolos, is rekened for a sole
Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
With da cansales, is cast out of the gate
And da tacionales, dare not shew his pate.

Plaut si in his comedies, a child shal now rebers
And medil with Quintilian, in his declarations
That petp Caton, can scantly construe a verse
With Aucto, in Greco, & such solempn salutacions
Can shantly the tensis, of his comugacions
Setting thei mindes, so much of eloquens
That of thei scole maters, lost is the hole setence.

Now a nutmeg, a nut meg, cum gariopholo
For parrot to pike bpon, his brayne for to stable
Swete synanthum stiches, and pleris commusco
In paradise, that place of pleasure perdurable
The progeny of parrottis, wer sayre & fauorable
Now in valle ebbon, parrot is sayne to fede
Christ crosse, & sanct nicolas, parrot be your goos
(spede

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diapophonum
Vel quasi speculum, in Enigmat
Elencum, or elles, Emthmasticum
For logicians to loke on, somewhat sophistic
Rhetoricians and oratours, in freshe humanite
Support parrot, I pray you w your suffrage or
Of confute fatum, auoyding the checkmote (nate
But

But of that supposition, that called is arte
Confuse distribute, as parrot hath deuyled
Let euery man, after his merit, take bys part
For in this proces, parrot nothing hath surmised
No matter pretended, nor nothing enterpyled
But that me taphora, alegoria with all
Shall be his protection, his paus and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chongh, nor no flekid pi
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng
Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butter fly
Parrot is no stamring stare, that me call a starling
But parrot is mine own dere hart, & my derling
Melpomene & fair maid, she burnished his beke
I pray you let parrot, haue liberteto speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrd for a Lady
God of his goodnes him framed and wrought
When parrot is dead, she doth not putrify
We all thyng mortal shall turne vnto nought
Except mannes soule, that Christ fodere bought
That neuer may dye, nor neuer we shall
Make much of parrot, that popagay royall

For that pereles pryncce, that parrot did creat
He made you of nothing, by his magist
Point wel this problem, that parrot both prate
And remembre among, how parrot and ye
Shal lepe from this life, as merye as we be
Wompe, ptyde, honour, ryches and worldly luste
Parrot sayth playnly, that tounis all to dust

Thus

Thus parrot doth pray you
With heart most tender
To reken with this recule now
And it to remember

Psitacus ecce cauo nec sūt mea carminaphebo

Dignas cio tamen est

Plena camena deo,

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum

In piereorum Cathalago numeratum

Gala thea.

Itaque Consolanimi inuicem

In verbis istis.

Candidi lectores callide callete

Vestrum seuate, psitacum.

Galethea.

Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus

Gods blessing light on thy swete litle mus

Vita et anima

so lzepfiche

Aquimates Amen.

Concubunt grece, Non

est hic sermo pudicus

Actica dictamina

Ergo

Suus plumbilamina

Vel spuria Vitulamino

Anertat hoc Vxania.

Amen amen

and set to a. b.

And then it is amend

Our new found a. b. c.

Cum certeris

paribus

Of the death of the noble Prince kinge
Edward the forth, per Skeltonidem
Laureatum.

MI seremini mei, ye that be my frendes
This world hath formed me down to fall
How may I endure when y euerie thinge
What creature is borne, to be eternal (endes
Now there is no more, but pray for me all
Thus say I Edward, that late was your kyng
And. xiii. yeres ruled, this imperiall
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no likynge
Mercy I aske of my mysdoynge
What auailleth it, frendes to be my fo
Sith I can not resist, nor amend your cōplaining
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I slepe now in molde, as it is natural
As earth vnto earth, hath his reuerture
What ordeyned god, to be terrestriall
Without recours, to the earth of nature
Who to liue ever, may be sure
What is it to trust, on mutabilitie
Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperite
To presume ther vppon, it is but a vanite
Not certayns: but as a cheryfayreful of wo
Raygned not I of late: in great felicity
Et ecce nunc in pluiere dormio.

Where was in my life, such one as I

While

While lady fortune with me had continuance
Ordained not she me, to haue victory
In England to raue, and to contribute. France
She toke me by the hand, and led me a dancke
And with her sugred lips, on me she smyled
But what for her dissembled countenance
I could not beware, til I was begiled
Now from this world, she hath me creiled
When I was lothest, hers for to go
And I am in age, but as who saith a child.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.
I had ynough, I held me not contente
Without remembrance, that I should dye
And more ouer to microche, reby was I bent
I knew not how long, I should it occupy
I made the towne stronge, I wist not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Peterfall
I amended Dover, on the mountayne byed
And london I prouoked, to fortify the wall
I made Spotingant, a place royal
Winchester, Elsam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them all
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.
Where is now, my conquest and victory
Where is my riches, and my royal araye
Where be my courcers, and my horses byed
Where is my myrth, my folas, and play
As vanite is naught, al is waied away
O lady Belle, longe for me may ye cal
For I am departed, til domes day.

But

But lone ye that lord, that is soneraygne of all
 Where be my castels, and buildinges royall
 But Winsore alone, nowe I haue no more
 And of Eton, the prayers perpetuall
 Et ecce munon puluers dozinat
 Why shoud a man, be proud or presume hye
 Sainct Bernard, therof nobly doth treat
 Seeth a man, is nothing but a sacke of stercoze
 And shall retorne, vnto womens meate
 Why, to has came of Alexander the great
 Or else of stronge Sampson, who can telle
 Wher his bodye is buried, theye flesh to freate
 And of Shablon, that was of wit the well
 Shablon, professed his heare for to sel
 Yet for a hys beutie, women eat at him also
 And I but late in honore did excell
 Et ecce nunc in puluere dozinat
 I haue played my page yond, now am I past
 He wote wel, that I was of no great yeld
 This al thing concluded, shal be at the last
 When death applocheeth, then to is the selfe
 When fithen this world, me no longer vp helde
 For nought wolde confoue me here in my plate
 In mantles of damme, my spirite vp I yelde
 Humbly besoching, the God of his grace
 O peccerle to conuene your hartes whibzace
 Benignly now to pray for me also
 For right wel you know, poore king I was
 Et ecce nunc in puluere dozinat

.

Shes

Skelton Laureate against the Scottes,

to the intent of ymprovinge

Agaynst the proud Scottes clatterng
That neuer wyl leaue theyr fratling
Than they the felde, and lost theyr kyng
They may wel say, spe on that winning.

begin to write the, and the other

L And these fondScottes. And fratling Scottes
How they are blinde. In theyr own mynde
And do not know. Theyr ower the
At Banrion more. They are so slowe
So frantike mad. They say they had
And want the fyre. Whiche speare and thyle
That is as trewe. As blacke is blacke
And grene is grene. What euer they say
Jemmy has dead. And closed in leade
That was theyr cronking. Spe on that winning

and the other

At foulden helles. Dure bowes our bylles
Shewe all the figure. Of theyr honoure.
Are not these Scottes. Foles and fottes
Suche bootes to make. To peate and crake
To face to brace. All bope of grace
So proud obdure. So ouerthwart
So out of frame. So bope of shame
As it is enrold. Whytten and told
Within this quaire. Who list to repare
And ther in reed. Shal fynde hidde
A mad rekeninge. Considering all thing
That the Scottes may say. Spe on the winning

and the

When

When the Scotte lynes.
I Oly Iemmy, ye scorneful Scot
Is it come vnto your lot
A solemne sumner for to be
It greseth naught for your degree
Our kyng of England for to fight
Your soueraine lord, our prince of might
He for to sende such a citation
It shames all your noughty nation
In comparison, but kyngs hopping
Vnto our prince, amounted kunge
He playd hoppe & obbeyn of London
He shewynght me what good ye can
He may be lord of Lorician
Christe sence you smyth a slyng parr
Of Edingborow and saunte Iouis colone
Shedde for summer cast of your crowne.

When the Scot was slayne.

I continuallye I shall remember
The twenty moneth of September
With the xi. day of the same
For than began our mythe and game
So that now I haue deuised
And in my minde, I haue comprised
Of the proude Scot, kyng Iemmy
To wyte some litle tragedie
For no manner consideration
Of any sorowful lamentacion
But for the speciall consolacion
Of our royal englysh nacion

Polno

Helionone, O muse fragediall
Unto your grace, for grace now I call
To gyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe
Illumine me, your poet, and your scribe
That with mixture of Aloes and bitter gall
I may compound, confectiones for A. cordiall
To angre the Scottes, & Irish kiteringes wythal
That late were discomfett, with battaille martial
Thalia, my muse, for you also cal I
To touche them with tauntes, of your armonye
A medley to make, of myrth with sadnes
The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes
And now to begyn, I wyll me a dres
To you reberfynge, the somme of my proces.

Binge Jany, Jemmy, Jocky my toye
Summond our king, why did ye so
To you, nothing it did accord
To Summon our king, your soueraigne Lord
A king a Sumner, it was great wonder
Know ye not sager, and salt a sonder
Your Sumner to saucye, to malapert
Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert
Ye thought ye did, yet valiauntlye
Not worth thre skippes of a wyfe
Wyz skyz galpard, ye were so skit
Your wyl, than can befoze your wyl.
Your lege ye layd, and your alpe
Your franticke fable, not worth a fly
Frenche kynge, or one or other

B. i. regarded

Regarded you thought your lord your brother
I rowed ye Sir Jemy, his nobel grace
From you Sir Scot, wold he tourne his face
With gunnye Scot, of Calawep
Now is your pryde fall to decay
Wals was your fals entent
For to offende your president
Your soueraigne Lord, most reuerente
Your Lord, your brother and your regent.

In him is figured, Melchisebecke
And ye were bishop all Amalecke
He is oure noble Scipione
Amysynted kynge, and ye were none
Thoughe ye vnturlye your father haue slaine
His tittle is true, in Fraunce to raygne
And ye proude Scot, Dundee, Dunbar
Wardye ye were, his homager
And siter to his Parliament
For your vnturthe, now we are ye thent
We bare your self, somewhat to bolde
Wherfore ye lost, your copy hold
We were bonde tenent, to his estate
Lost is your game, ye are checke mate

Unto the castell of Forzam
I vnderstande, to sone ye came
At Branyston more, and Flodden hilles
Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles
Agaynst you gaue so sharpe a shower
That of Scotland, ye lost the flower

The white Lion there rampaunte of moode
He raged and rente out your hart bloude
He the White, and you the Red
The white there slewe the red starke ded
Thus for your garden quyt are ye
Thanked by God in trinite

And swete saint George our ladies knyghte
Your eye is oute, and we good nyghte.

We were starke mad to make a fray
His grace beyng out of the way
But by the power and might of God
For your taylor ye made a rod
Ye wanted wit, for at a worde
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword
Ye mighte haue busked you to huntly banks
Your pryde was pryncly to play such pranks
Your pouerte could not attayne
With our king royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kynge of Paucerne, ye might take heed
Ungraciously howe he dothe speede
An double dealyng, so he dyd dreame
That he is kynge, wythoute a keame
And for example, he woulde none take
Experiens hath brought you in such a brake
Your wealthe, your ioy, your sport, your play
Your bragging boist, your royal aray
Your heade so brym, as bore at baye
Your seven systers, that Gun so gay
All haue ye lost, and cast awaye.

Thus fortune hath touned you, I bare wel saye
Now from a kinge to a clot of clay
Dute of Robes, ye were shad
And wretchedly ye lay, Marke your naked
For lacke of grace, harde was your hap
The Popes cures, gaue you that clap.

Of the outples, thorough soted scottes.
We haue wel eased them of the bastes
Therude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken dranes
At Englyshe bowes hane fetched theyr banes
It is not sitting, in towre and towne
A Sumner, to were a kynges crowne
Fortune on you, therfore byd frowne
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
Syz Sumner now, where is your crowne
Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne
Syz Sumner, now ye haue lost your crowne
Quod Skelton Laureate. Datoure to the kyn
ges most royal estate.

Scotica redacta in formam provincie
Regis parebit nutibus anglie:
Alioquin (per desertum sin) super Cherubim
• Cherubin, seraphim, seraphin que ergo. &c.

Unto diuers people that remord this
rymyng againste the Scot Jemmy.

I Am now constrayned
With wordes nothyng sayned
This inuectiue to make. For some people sake
That lyst for to iangell
And waywardly to wyngell.

Against

Against this hye maynynge
Their males therat thanynge
At it repzehending. And benemoulytynge
Rebukynge and remordynge
And nothynge accordynge

¶ Cause they haue none other
But for that he was hys brother
Brother unnatural. ¶ Into our kyng royal
Againstt whome he did fighte
Fallye agaynstt all ryghte
Lyke that vnttrue rebell
Fallye Cayne agaynstt Abell.

¶ But who so there at pyketh mood
The tokens are not good
To be true Englyshe blood
For if they vnder stood
His traytourly dyspight
He was a recrayed knyght
A subtyll spymatylke
Ryghte neare an heretyke
Of grace out of the state
And died excommunicate

¶ And for he was a kynge
The more shamesful rekenynge
Of hym shoulde men repozte
In earnest and in spozte
He scantlye loueth oure kynge
That grudgeth at this thinge
That casse suche ouerthwartes
Percase haue hollowe hartes

¶ Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis michi.

Chorus de Dys, contra Scottes, cum omni
processionali festiuitate solempnis fuit

hac Epitoma xxii die
Septembris. &c.

S Alue festa diestoto resonabilis eno
Qua scottus iacobus obruius en secadit
Barbara scottorum gens pfrida plena maloru
Vincitur ad Norram, vertitur inque fuga
Vasta paulus sed campestris (borie memoratur
Braxion more) scottis terra perosa fuit
Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub motibus al
Que Valide inuadens dissipat angla manus tis
Millia scottorum trusit gens anglica passim
Luxuriat tepido sanguine pignis humus
Pas animas miseri miseris, misere sub umbras
Pars ruit in soueas, pars subit latebras
Iam quid agit Iachobus, danoni gremine creto
Perfidus Vt nemroth lapsus ad iam ruit
Dic modo scottorum dudum male sane malorū
Rector nunc Regeris mortuus ecce iaces
Sic Leo re Rapidus Leo candidus inclitus ursit
quo Leo in Rubins ultima fata luis
Anglia doc choreas Resonēt tua tēpana psallas
Da laudes domino. Da pia uota deo,

Hec Laureatus Keltonis
Regine orator,

Chorus

20 Choris de dis. etc. super triumphali victoria con-
tra gallos. etc. cantant solenniter hoc Prologium
in profecto diui Iohannis ad de colationem.

S Alue festa dies toto memorabilis euo.

Qua rex Henricus gallico bello premittit

Henricus Rutilans Octavius nosse in armis

Tir & inne gentis mentis strauit humi

Sceptryger anglorum bello ualidissimus Hector

Francorum gentis colla superba terit

Dux armis nuper celebris modo dux inermis

De longuile modo die quo tua pompa ruit

De cleremount elarus dudum die gallic superbe

Vnde superbus eris: carcere nomine gentis?

Discite francorum gens cetera capta, britannum

Noscite magnanimum, subdite uos que flet

Gloria cappa doctis ducis miles que Martis

Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.

Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numine gerat

Anglica ges referat semper, ouans que canat

20 Per skletonida Laureatum,

Oratorem Regium.

**There after folo with the booke
entituled. Ware the Hawke.**

per sketton Laureat

B.iii.

Prologus

**Prologus Skeltoni
Laureati super uersu
the Hawke.**

This worke deuyled is
For such as do a mis
And specially to controule
Such as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They can not be excused
By reason nor by lawe
But that they play the dawg
To hawke or else to hunte
From the Altar to the funte
With crye vnrerente
Before the Sacramente
Within the holpe churche boundis
That of oure faythe the grounde is
That priest that hawkes so
All grace is farre hym fro
He semeth a simmatike
Or else an heretike
For fayth in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaynte
Of suche mysabused

Parsons, and begifted
this boke we haue deuised
Compendiouslye comprised
No good priest to offend
But suche harmes to friend
In hope that no man shal
Be miscontent wythal.

I Shall you make relation
By waye of a postulation
Under supposition
Of your patient tolleracion
How I Skelton Laureat
Deuysed and also wrote
Upon a lewde Curate
A parson benified
But nothing wel abused
He shall be as now nameles
But he shal not be blameles
Nor he shal not be shameles
For sure he wrought a mis
to hawke in my church of Wis
this fonde frantike fauconer
With hys poluted parotier
As priest vncuerent

Streight

Straight to the Sacrament
He made his Hawke to fly
With hogeneous shewe and crye
The hre aulter he slypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke downe al the clothes
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moyses and Aarons rod
O that he thence yede
His hawe shoulde pray and fede
Upon a pigeons mawe
The bloude ran downe raw
Upon the auter stone
The hawe tyed on a bonne
And in the holy place
She muted there a chafe
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with such gambardis

Obferuate

His second hawe wared gerre
And was wylch flying werye
She had flown in so oft
That on the rode lost

Aggitt

Sho

She perked her to rest
The Fauconer then was prest
Came running with a bow
And cryed fromost to most
But she would not bowe
He then to be sure
Called her with a lure
Her meate was very rude
She had not wel endude
She was not cleane ensaymed
She was not wel reclaymed
But the fauconer vnfayned
Was much more feble & brained
The hawke had no lyst
to come to hys syst
She loked as she had the force
With that he gaue her a bounce
ful vpon the gorge
I wyl not fayne nor forge
The hawke with that clap
fel downe with euil hap
The church dozes wer sparred
fast bolted and barred
yet with a preyte gin
I fortunèd to come in

thys

this rebell to beholde
whereof him I controulde
But he sayde that he wolde
Agaynste my mynde and wyll
In my churche hawke styl.

Considerate.

On saint Ihon decollacion
He hawked on this facion
tempore, vespertinum
S3, non secundum sarum
But lyke a marche harum
His bzaynes were so parum
He sayde he would not let
His houndes for to fet
to hunte there by lyberte
In the dispite of me
And to halowe there the fore
Downe went my offering box
Boke bel and candel
Al that he might handell
Cros staffe, lectrine and baner
fel downe on this maner

Cdeliberate.

With troll, citrace and trouy
they ranged hankirbouy

My churche all aboute
this lawconer gan shoute
these be my gospellers
these be my pistillers
these be my quersters
to helpe me to singe
My hawkes to matters ring
In this priestly giding
His hawke then flew upon
the rode with Mary and Jho
Delt he not lyke a son
Delt he not lyke a daw
O: else is this goddes labe
Decrees o: Decretals
O: holy sinodals
O: else prouincials
thus within the wals
Of holy church to deale
thus to ringe a peale
With his hawkes belles
Doutles suche tofels
Make the church to be
In smal aucthorite
A curate in specyall
to snapper and to fal

Into

Into this open crime
 To loke on this ~~more~~ time
 But who so that loke
 In the officials books
 ther he may see and read
 that this is matter in deed
 How be it maydemynded
 Made them to be agst
 And so the scribe was
 And the Pharasape
 than durst nothing say
 But let the matter slip
 And made truth to trip
 And of the spiritual law
 they made but a gewgaw
 And toke it out in
 And this the cause
 the church is thus abused
 Reproched and polluted
 Correction hath no place
 And also lacke of grace

deplorate, scythedowne lantyn

Loke now in Crod
 And deatcha domine

one

with

With regum by and by
the Bibel wyf not lye
Now the temple was kept
Now the temple was swept
Where sanguis taurorum
Aut sanguis vitulorum
Was offred within the wals
After ceremonials
When it was poluted
Sentence was executed
By way of expiacion
diuinitate.

Then muche more by the reb
Where chrystes precious bloud
Daily offred is
To be poluted this
And that he wished with al
That the dowues donge downe
might fall
Into my chalis at mas
When consecrated was
The blessed sacrament
O priest vnreuerent
He sayde that he would Hunt
From the aulter to the fume

Refors

T Of no tyrande I rede
 that so farre yd exceede
 Neither yet Dioclesian
 Nor yet Domitian
 Nor yet crooked Tacus
 Nor yet drunken Bacus
 Nother Olibrius
 Nor Dionisius
 Nother Phalaris
 Reherfed in balery
 Nor Sardanapall
 Unhappiest of all
 Nor Nero the worst
 Nor Claudius the curst
 Nor yet Egeas
 Nor yet sye Phereumbas
 Nother Zorobabell
 Nor cruell Iefabell
 Nor yet tarquinius
 Whome Titus Liusus
 In wytynge dothe enroll
 I haue red them poll by pol
 the storie of Arist obell
 And of Constantinopel

which

whiche citye. Whiche creatures man
And slue many a christen man.
Yet the Sowden nor the turke
Thought neuer such a worke
For to let the wharwes flye
In the church of Saint Sophy
With much matter more
That I kepe in store

Identitate

Then in a tabel playne
I wrote a barse or chaine
Where at he made disdayne
The peby the parsons brayne
Coude not reache nor attaine
What the sentence mente
He sayde for a croked intent
The wordes were peruerterd
And this he ouerthwarted
Of the whiche proceffe
Ye maye knowe more expresse
If it please you to loke
In the residue of this booke

There after follo weth
the table.

C. i.

Loke

Looke on this tabul
Whether thou art a bul
To rede or to spel
What these verses tel.

Sicculo lutueris est colo-bura
Nixphedras uisarum canluter-tinantes.

[illegible]

Cartula stet p[re]s[ent] h[ab]e[n]do i[n] m[er]ita p[er]t[ine]n[t]ia.

C Hos rapit de numero non homines sed mala bona.

Ex parte. Rem carte adverte aperte, pontamif
arethus am hant.

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4.2

Where to shoulde I rehers
The sentence of my vers.
In them be no scholes
For byaynsicke franticke soles
Construas hoc, domine dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Maister Sophista

Ye simplex, silogista

The deuelyshe dogmatista

Your hawke on your lista

To hawke when your lista

In ecclesia ista, domine cacapisti

With thy hawke on thy fisty

Nunquid sic dixisti. Nunquid sic fecisti

Sed ubi hoc legisti

Aut vnde hoc, doctor dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Doctor Dialetica

Where finde you in Apotetica

Or in Cathagoria. Latina, siue doxica

To vse your hawkes, forica

In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuerso

Vnde hoc, domine dawcocke

Ware the hawke.

C. ii.

Say

Saye to me Jacke haris
Quare accuparis Ad sacramentū altaris
For no reuens thou spares
to shake my pigeons federis
Super, ar cam federis
Unde hoc, doctor dawcocke
Ware the Hawke.

Sir dominus vobis cum Par aucupium
Ye made your hawke to cum
De super, candelabrum
Christi crucifixi
to fede vpon your fist ye
Dic inimice crucis christi. Ubi didicisti
Facere hoc, Domine dawcocke
Ware the Hawke

Apostata Iulianus
For yet Nestorianus
thou shalt ne where rede
that they did such a dede
to let theyr hawkes fly
Ad ostium tabernaculi
In quo est corpus domini
Cave hoc, doctor dawcocke
Ware the Hawke

thys

his doutlesse ye raue
Dis church ye thus depzauid
Wherfore as I be saued
Ye are therfore be knaued

Quare, quia euangelia

Concha, et conchelia

Ancipiter, & sonalia

Cetera, quoque talia

Tibi sunt equalia

Vnde hoc domine dawcocke

Ware the Hawke

Et relis et talis. Et reliqualis

from Granado to galis

from winchellsee to wales

Non est brainsicke tales

Nec minus racionalis. Nec magis bestia

That singges with a chalis

Construas hoc doctoꝝ dawcocke

Ware the Hawke.

Mased witles smery smith

Hāpar with your hammer bpō thy styth

And make here of a sickel oꝝ a saw

For though ye liue. a. c. yere ye shal dye a

Vos valete doctoꝝ indiscrete (daw

Sheltonis

Skeltonis Apostrophat ad diuum Iohannem decollatum in cuius profesto fiebat hoc aucupium.

A Memoranda dies qua decolare Iohannes Aucupium facit hoc quondam quod fecerit infra ecclesiam de disuiolans sua sacra sacrorum rector de whipstocke doctor cognomine daucocke, et dominus wodcocke, probatis. probat hic. probat, hec, hoc.

Idem. de libera dicacitate poetica, in extolenda probitate et in perfricanda ignobilitate.

Libertas ueneranda piis concessa poetis, discendi est quecunque placent querunque iuuabunt uell quecunque ualent iustas defendere causas uell quecunque uolent stolidos mordere petulcos. Ergo de his ueniam.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

Thastye of sentence
to fearse for none offence
to scarce of your expens
to large in negligence
to slacke in recompens

to hawte in excellence
to lighte intelligence
And to lyghte of credence
where these kepe residence
Reason is banished thence
And also dame Prudence
With sober pacience.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede
Then wythoute collusyon
Marke wel this conclusion
thorowe suche abusyon
And by suche Illusion
Unto greate confusion
A nobell man maye fall
And hys honoure appall
that if ye thinke this shall
Not rub you on the gall
then the deuill take all

All nobel men of this take hede. &c.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

E. III.

Pe

We may here now, in this time
How every thing, must haue a time.

Time is a thing, that no man may resist.
Time is transitory, and Irreuerable
Who saith the contrari, time passeth as him
Time must be taken, in season conuenable
Take time when time is, for time is ay mutable
All thyng hath time, who can for it provide
Bide for time who wil, for time wil no mā abide
Time to be sad, and tyme to play and sports
Time to take rest, by way of recreation
Tyme to study, and tyme to vse comfort
Tyme of pleasure, and time of consolacion
Thus time hath his time, of diuers maner lacion
Tyme for to eate and drynke, for thy repast
Tyme to be lyberal, and tyme to make no wast
Time to trauel, and time for to rest
Time for to speake, and time for to hold thy peace
Time woulde be vsed, when time is best
Time to begin, and time for to cease
And when time is, put thy self in please
And when time is, to holde thy selfe a backe
For time wel spent, can neuer haue lacke.
The rotes take theyr lap, in time of bere
In time of sommer, floures freshe and grene
In time of haruest, men their corne there
In time of winter, the North wind warth kene
So bitterly biting, the floures be not sene
The kalendis of Ianus, with his frostes hoze
That time is, whe people must liue vpo the floze

Quod Skelton Laureat.

A prayer

A prayer to the father of heaven.

O Radiant luminary of light interminable
Celestial father, potencial God of might
Of heaven and earth. O lord incomperable
Of al perfections the essential most persighte
O maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, comprehendeth euery place
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this life, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence, is incomprehensible
Al argumentes of reason, which far doth exceede
Whose deite doutles, is indiuisible
From whō al goodnes, and vertue dothe procede
Of thy support, al creatures haue nede
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought & dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

To the seconde Parson.

O Benigne Iesu, my souerain lord and kinge
The only sonne of God, by filiacion
The second parson, without beginning
Both, god & man, our faith maketh plain relacio
Mary the mother, by way of incarnation
Whose glorious passion, our soules doth reuine
Again al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion
Defend me with thy piteous woundes firs

O percles prync, paynted to the deathe
Rusfully rent, thy body wan and blo

For my redemption, gaue by thy bytal breathe
Was neuer sorow, lyke to thy deadly wo
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
Thine endles mercy, for my preseruacion
Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also
Defende me with thy piteous woundes fine.

To the holy ghost.

O firy sentence, inflamed wyth all grace
Enkindeling hertes, with brands charitable
The endlesse rewarde, of pleasure and solace
To the father, and the son, thou art comunicable
In unitate, which is inseperable
O water of life, O wel of consolacion
Against all suggestions deadly, and dampnable
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whome is appropyed, the holy ghoste by
The thirde parson, one god in Trinite (name
Of perfyte loue, thou art the ghostlye flame
O mirrour of mekenes, peace and tranquillitye
My comfort, my counsel, my parfit charity
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against all stormes, of hard aduersitie
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.

Amen.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

There after foloweth the booke
called Clinour Humming.

The

The tunnyng of Elynour Kummynge. Per Skelton Laureate.

Tell you I chyll
If that ye wyl
A whyle be stil
Of a comelye gyll
That dwelt on a hyl
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well wzorne in age
For her visage
It woulde allwage
A mannes courage
Her lothelpe leare
Is nothyng cleare
But vglye of cheare.
Drouppe and drowlye
Scurvy and lowlye
Her face all bowlye
Comelye crinckled
Wonderflye wrynkled
Like a rosse pigges eare
Wryttled wyth here
Her lewde lypes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a roppe rayne
A gummy glayne

She

She is vglye fayre
Her nose some dele hoked
and camoulye croked
Pener stoppinge
But euer dropping
Her skin lose and slacke
Crained like a sacke
With a croked backe
Her eyen golwondye
Are full vnswondye
For they are blered
And the graye beared
Tawed like a Jetty
A man would haue pity
To se how she is gumbed
Fingered and thumbed
Gently ioynted
Gresed and annointed
Up to the knockels
The bones her buckels
Together made faste
Her yowthe is farre paste
Koted like a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyllet
Lyke a lolly fet
In her furred flocket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket
Her huke of Lyncole grene

It hadde berie hers I wene
More then fortye yere
And so it dothe appeare
And the grene bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Wythered lyke Haye
The woll worne awaye
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Wypon the holpe daye
Whan she dothe her araye
and girdeth in her gytes
Stytched and pranked with pletes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes wypon her heade
That they way a sowe of leade
Wythen in a wonder wise
after the Sarazins gise
With a whim wham
Knit with a trim tram
Wypon her brayne panne
Like an Egyptian
Capped aboute
Whan she goeth oute
Her selfe for to shewe
She dryueth downe the Deuys
Wyth a paire of heles
as brode as two wheles
She hobbles as a Gose
With her blanket hose

Her thone smered with talow
Cresed vpon dyrt
That bandeth her skyrte

Primus passus.

¶ And this comelye dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynoure Rummynge
At home in her wonnyng
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray
In a certayne stede
By syde Lederhede
She is a tonnysshe gyb
The denell and the be sib.

But to make vp my tale
She byueth noppys ale
And maketh therof pooze sale
To trauellers, to tinkers
To sweters, to swinkers
And all good ale drynkers
That wyll nothyng spare
But drynke tyll they stare
And drynke them selfe bare
With nowe away the mare
And let vs slepe care
as wise as an hare.

Come who so wil
To Elynour on the hil
With fil the cup fill
and sit there by styl
Careles and late Whither

Whither commeth Kate
Culpe and Bare
With their legges bare
and also they? fete
Hardely full vnswete
With their heles dagged
They? kyrtelles all to iagged
They? smockes all to ragged
With titters ond tatters
Byngge dishes and platters
With all their mighte runnyng
To Elynoure rummynge
To haue of her tunninge
She leaneth them of the same

And thus beginneth the game
Some wenches come vnbraided
Wyth they? naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
a sorte of foule drabbes
all scurvy wyth stabbes
Some be slye bytten
Some skewed as a kyttell
Some with a the cloute
Bynde they? heedes aboute
Some haue no herelate
They? lockes about their face
They? tresses vntwiste
all full of vnlatte

Some

Some loke strawpe
Some calwpe mawpe
Full vntidye tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Suche a lewde sorte
To Elynoure resorte
From tyde to tyde
Abyde abyde
and to you shall be soude
Howe her ale is soude
To mawte and to molde

Secundus passus

Some haue no mone
That thither compe
For they ale to paye
That is a shrewde a paye
Elynoure sweared naye
He shall not beare a waye
My ale for noughte
By him that me boughte
With hey dogge haue
Haue these dogges a waye
Wyth gette me a staffe
The swyne ate my paffe
Strike the hogges with a staffe
They haue dronk by my staffe
For be there neuer so much paffe
These swine go to the bynde
The some wyth her paffe
The boze his taylor wygges

A gaine the hye bench.
With so, ther is a stench
Gather vp thou wench.
Seest y not what is fall
Take vp drit and al.
And beare out of the hal
God geue it il preuing.
Clenly as cruel cheuing
But let vs turne plain,
Ther we left agayne
For as ill a patch as that.
The hens run in the mashfat
For they go to rouse,
Straight ouer the ale ioust
And donge whan it commes.
In the ale tunnes
Then Clinour taketh,
The mash bol and shaketh
The hennies donge away.
And skommeth it in a trap
Where as the yest is.
With her maungy fistis
And somtime she blens
The donge of her hennies
And the ale together
And saith gossip come hithere
This ale shal be thicker
And floure the more quicker
For I maye tell you
I learned it of a Jewe

D.i.

Whan

When I began to brewe
 And I haue founde it trewe
 Drinke nowe while it is new
 And ye may it broke
 It shall make you loke
 Ponger then ye be
 Peres two or thre
 For ye maye proue it by me
 Behold she sayd and see
 How bright I am of ble
 Ich am not cast away
 That can my husband saye
 When we kysse and playe
 In luste and in likinge
 He calleth me his whiting
 His mullinge and his nittinge
 His nobbes and his connye
 His sweting and hys henney
 With baste my prety bonny
 Thou arte worthe good and morny
 This make I my salyre sanny
 Iyll that he dreame and dronnye
 For after all oure sport
 Than wyl he rout and snort
 When sweeteli together we lye
 As two pygges in a sty
To cease me semeth best
 And of this tale to rest
 And for to leaue thys letter
 Because it is no better

And

And because it is no swetter
We wyl no farther ryme
Of it, at this time
But we wyl turne playne
Where we left againe.

Tertius passus.

In stede of coine and monny
Some brynge her a conny
And some a pot with honni
Some a salt, and some a sponne
Some their hose, some ther thone
Some ran a good trot
With a skyllet or a pot
Some fyll theyr pot full
Of good Lemster woll
An huswife of truste
Whan she is a thurst
Suche a webbe can spyn
Her thyrste is full thyn
Some go strayghte thyther
Be it flaty or slider
They holde the hye waye
They care not what men saye
Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be espyde
Some start in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
Some renne tyll they swete
Bryng with them malt or whete

D.ii.

And

And dame Elmore entreat
To byle them of the best

I han cometh an other gess
She swered by the rode of cress
Her lyppes are so dype
Without drynke she must dpe
Therefore fyll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry

Anone cometh another
As dpe as the other
And wyth her dothe bryng
Mele, salt, or other thing
Her hartest girdle, her wedding
To pay for hir scot (ringe
As cometh to her lot
Som bryngeth her husbands hood
Becauie the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flare and wyth towe
And some brought soure dole
With hcy and with howe
Syt we downe a rowe
And drynke tyll we blowe
And pype tyll we towe

Some layde to pledge
They hatchet and they wedge
They hekel and they rele
Their rock, their spinning whele
And some went so narrow

They

They laid to pledge their swarrows

Their rib skin and theyr spindell

Their nedel and their thimbell

Here was scante thyrste

Whan they made such thyrste

Their thyrste was so greate

They asked neuer for meate

But drinke still drynke

And let the cat winke

Let vs washe oure gommies

From the dry crommes

Quartus passus.

Some for very nede

Lay down a skain of threde

And some a skain of yarne

Bothe Beanes and pease

Small Chaffer dothe ease

Sometime, now and than

Another there was that ran

With a good brassepian

Her colour was ful wan

She ran in all the haste

Unbraied and vniaste

Tawnye swart and swallowe

Lyke a cake of tallowe

I sweare by all hallowe

It was a scare to take

The Deuyll in a brake.

And than came haltynge Ione

And broughte a gambone

Di

Of bakon that was reastye
But Lorde as she was testye
Angrye as a waspye
She began to yane and gaspy
And bad Elynoure go bet
And fyll in good meate
It was dere that was farre fet
Another broughte a spycke
Of a bacon flicke
Her tonge was verye quicke
But she spake somewhat thicke
Her selowe did stammer and stut
But she was a soule slut
For her mouthe somed
And her bellye groned
Ione sayne she had eaten a fyesh
By Christe sayde she thou lyest
I haue as swete a breathe
As thou wyth shamesfull deathe

Then Elynour sayd, ye calettes
I shall breake your palettes
Withoute ye nowe cease
and so was made the broken peace
Than thider came broncken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of rydings in Wales.
And of saint James in Gales
And of the Dortyngales
With lo gossip I wis
Thus and thus it is

ther

There hath ben greate warre
Betwene temple barre
And the croffe in cheape
And there came an heape
Of milstones in a route
She speaketh thus in her snoute
Encuelpnge in her nose
As thoughe she had the pose
Lo here is an olde tippet
And ye wyll geue me a sippet
Of your stale ale

God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkynge
She fell in a wynkynge
Wyth a barlye hooche
She ysste where she stooche
Than began she to wepe
And forthwith fell on slepe
Elynoure tooke her vp
And blessed her wyth acup
Of newe ale in cornes
Ales founde therein no thornes
But supped it vpat ones
She found therein no boynes

Quintus passus.

Now in cometh another rabel
Fyrst one with a ladell
Another wyth a cradell
and wyth a lyde sadell
and there began a fabel
a clatteringe and a habell

D.iiii.

Or

Of soles silly

That had a sole with willy
With iast you, and gup gillye
She coude not lye killye
Then came in a genet
And sware by saynct Bennet
Idranke not this sennet
A draughte to my paye
Elynoure I the pray
Wf thyne ale let vs assaye.
And haue here a pilch of gray
I weare skinnecs of Conye
that canseth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hyche her
Anu broughte a pottel pycher
A tonnel, and a bottel
But she had lost the stoppel
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped therwith the hole
¶ Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A frying pan and a lice
Elynoure made the pryce
For good ale eche whit.
¶ Than starte in mad kyn
That had lytle wyt
She lemed some deale seke
And brought vp a peny cheke
To dame Elynoure
For a draughte of lycour,

¶ Than

Than Margery milke duche
Her kirtell she did vp tucke
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that ye might se
But thei wer sturdi & stubbled
Mighty pestels and clubbed
As sayre and as white
As the fote of a kite
She was somewhat foule
Croke necked lyke an Owle
And yet she broughte her fees
A cantel of Eller chese
Was well a fote thicke
Full of magottes quicke
It was huge and greate
And mightye stronge meate
For the deuyl to cate
It was tarte and punyete
Another sorte of stuttes
Some broughte waluntres
Some apples, some pearres
Some brought their clippinge theres
Some broughte thys and that
Some broughte I wote neare what
Some broughte theyr husbandes hat
Some podynges and lynkes
Some tripes that stinkes
¶ But of all thys thronge
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche

And

and began to preach
Of the teweſday in the weke
Whan the mare doth keke
of the vertue of an vnſet leke
Of her huſbandes bꝛeke
With the ſeders of a quale
She could to bourde on ſayle
and wyth good ale barne
She could make a charm
To heale wyth all a ſtytche
ſhe ſemed to be a wytche
Another brought .ii. goſlings
That wer noughty froſlings
ſome brought the in a wallet
ſhe was a cumlye callet
The goſlings were vntide
Elinour begā to chide (bzout
the be wrethockes thou haſte
they ar ſhyꝛe ſhaking nought

Secundus paſſus.

Hand ruggy, thither ſkipped
ſhe was vglye hipped
and vgiye thicke lipped
Like an Dnton ſided
Like tan ledder hided
ſhe had her ſo guided
betwene the cup and the wal
That ſhe was there wyth all
Into a paſſey fall
With that her hed ſhaked
and her handes quaked

Ones heade wold haue aken
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dragges
The droppe was in her legges
Her face glistering like glasse
all foggie fat she was
She had also the goutte
In all her ioyntes aboute
Her breth was soure and stale
and sinckled all of ale
suche a bedfellowe
Wold make one cast his crabe
But yet for all that
She drancke on the mashe fat
There came an olde rybibe
She halted of a kibe
and had broken her shyn
at the threshold commyng in
and fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The deuil there on be wroken
What nede all thys be spoken
She yelld lyke a calfe
Kysse vp on gods halfe
sayde Olynoure rummyng
I be shewe the for thy cumming
as she at her did plucke
Quake, quake, sayde the duche
In that lampatrans lap
With fye, couer the shap
With sum slip flap

God

God geue it yll happe
Sayde Elpnoure for thame
Lyke an honest dame
Up the stearte, halfe lame
And skantye coulde go
For payne and for wo

In came another dant
Wyth a gose and a gant
She had a wide wesant
She was nothyng pleasaunt
Pecked lyke an Oliphant
It was a bullisant
a gredy cormerante
another brought her garlik bedes
another brought her bedes
Of Jet oz of coale
to offer to the ale pole
some brought a wumble
some brought a thymble
some brought a silke lace
some brought a pincase
some her husbandes go wne
some a pillowe of downe
some of the napery
and all this thyste they make
For the good ale sake
¶ A straw sayd bele stande vtter
For we haue egges and butter
and of pigeons a payre.
¶ Than sterte forth a fisgigge
and

And she brought a boze pisse
the fleshe thereof was ranke
and her breath stronglye stanke
Yet o? she wente she dranke
and gate her greate thancke
Of Elynoure for her ware
that she thither bare
to paye for her share
Nowe trulye to my thinkinge
this is a solempne drinking
Septimus passus.

Soft quod one high Sibbill
and let me with you bibill
she sate downe in the place
With a sozre face
Wher wormed aboute
Garnished was her snoute
With here and there a puscul
Lyke a scabbed muscull
this ale sayde she is nopp
Let vs sippe and sopp
and not spil a dropp
For so mote I hopp
It colet well my copp
¶ Dame Elynoure sayde she
Haue here is for me
a cloute of London pines
and with that she beginnes
the pot to her plucke
and dranke a good lucke

she

She swynge by a quartre
at ones for her part
Her paunch was so puffed
and so wyth ale stuffed
Had she not hyed a pace
She had desoyled the place
¶ Then began the sport
amonge that dronken sort
Dame Elynoure sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hay
To make al thyng cleane
He wote well what we meane
¶ But sye amonge all
That sate in that hall
There was a pricke me dentye
sate like a saintye
and began to paintye
as thoughe she woulde saintye
she made it as a hoy
as a lege de moy
She was not halfe so wise
as she was peuphe nysse
she sayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
and called for sure dame
Elynoure by name
¶ We supposed I wys
That she rose to pisse
But the verye grounde
Was for to compounde

with

With Elynour in the spence
 To paye for her expence
 I haue no penny nor grote
 To pay said she, god wot
 For washinge of my throte
 But my bedes of amber
 Were them to your chamber
 Then Elynour dyd them blys
 Wythin her beddes syde
 But some than sat righte sad
 That nothyng had
 There of theyr owne
 Neyther gelt nor pawns
 Suche were there menyne
 That had not a penny
 But whan they should walke
 Were fayne wyth a chaiks
 To score on the balke
 Or score on the tayle
 God geue it yll hayle
 For my fyngers ytshe
 I haue wrytten to mych
 Of this mad mummyng
 Of Elynoure Kummynge
 Thus endeth the gest
 Of this woorthye fest.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

Laurati skeltnidis in despectu
 malignantium disticon.

Quant

Quamuis in sanis, quamuis marcescens inanis
Iuui di cantamus, hec loca plena locis
Bien men souulent.

Dones feminas, que vel nimis bibule sunt,
vel que scordida labe squaloris, aut quaspu-
ria feditatis macula, aut verbosa laquatita
te notatur, poeta inuitat ad audiedu huc libellu. &c

Eria, squali, sordida femina, pdigauerbis
Huc currat, properet veniat sua libellus
Iste volutabit: pear sua plectra sonando
••••• Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco,

CHAP. I.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

Thus endeth these litle works
compiled by maister Skelton
Poet Laureat.

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